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CENTENNIAL POEM

—ON THE—

FIRST BATTLES

—OF THE—

REVOLUTION,

—AT—

LEXINGTON, CONCORD, CHARLESTON,
AND BUNKER HILL.

Representing the Scenes and Positions of the

AMERICAN AND BRITISH FORCES,

—AND—

VICTORIES OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

—BY—

JEFFERY W. POTTER.

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CENTENNIAL POEM.



The Arctic winds had long departed gone,
And verdant plants were springing on the lawn.
And o'er the hills and through the quiet dales
The rye had sprung and waved in balmy gales.
The air made sweet by blossomed orchards round,
And springtime beauty clothed the fertile ground.
The robin sang his sweet melodious song—
Tuned the fair breeze that gently rushed along.
The bluebird, too, famed herald of the spring,
Rolled forth his notes, from budding branches sing,
And o'er the green extended landscape far
The cloud of peace ought rest instead of war.
Beneath the large nocturnal orb on high,
Whose crystal beams revolving through the sky,
Her silvery glow illumed the midnight path
Of him who rode to spread the coming wrath.
Through every town this honored horseman fled,
Before the dawn this awful news to spread,
To rouse each man from slumbers softest charms,
From peaceful dreams awoke mid clash of arms,

For awful war comes thundering from the shore—
The war for freedom just begun to roar,
And Britain's van comes rushing through the night
To fix for war at the approach of light.
One hundred brave along the pathway bore,
Their verdant track soon strewn with noblest gore.
Those English guard rushed on the news to stop,
With all their force the flying news could not,
For city bells had then began to ring,
Tuned that sad night before the day beams spring.
And from each house a light gleamed o'er the lawn,
Each man stepped forth to join the rising throng.
The frightened cur barked from his master's yard,
Who lawful stood a rightful realm to guard.
The male bird, too, loud screaming from his hall,
All rousing when the voice of battle calls.
The beating drum roared on at distance far,
Whose direful sound proclaimed the coming war.
The signal guns flashed through the trembling night,
Foretelling war and thundering forth their might.
And all the realms stared at the signs so dire,
Earth shook below while ether blazed with fire.
Bright stars above stood glowing in their spheres,
Unshaken shine o'er this dark land of fears.
As when some shepherd in his nightly fold,
Aroused by roarings of the lion bold,
Whose angry voice rings through the distant grove,
Nearer he comes, nearer in forests rove,
So Britain's wrath rung on the neighboring plain,
Forth breathing war and carnage as they came.

Night's sable wing yet hovered o'er the scene,
 No signs of day, no rifts of morning beam,
 An unknown horseman, driving on the way,
 To speed the news, the terrors of the day—
 Sprang from his horse and thundered at the door,
 The direful news to that bold captain bore.
 The message heard, and Robbins soon was gone
 To rouse his men as captain of the throng.
 His valiant youth, of ten fair summers blest,
 Heard the loud knock, and springing from his rest,
 Took from the stall his father's horse so kind,
 Fled with the news; and as the pathway winds
 For Acton, far the infantile hero fled
 Pronouncing war, the baleful news to spread.
 Arousing Davids, then commander there,
 To call his men for bloody scenes prepare.
 When this bold man had marshalled out his crew,
 He halts his men to bid his wife adieu,
 To speak a word to his loved children dear,
 And parting left on their red cheek a tear;
 Pressed their warm hands, all weeping stood before,
 Bids them farewell, and saw his home no more.
 His lovely wife gazed through the nightly gloom,
 Saw her brave husband marching to his tomb.
 The glistening bayonets of the orient foe
 Flashed through the night 'neath moon's bright crystal
 glow.

Advancing on the drums grim vengeance roar,
 Along the plain a blast of terror pours.
 Soon Colonel Smith heard of our rise from far,

Inflames his men to meet the coming war,
 To Boston sent for bold Pitcairn on
 With his brave force to quell the rising throng.
 Revere and Dorr had reached far Lexington,
 The grandest ride that ever mortals won.
 Through sable night from Middlesex they bore
 To spread the news so dreaded years before.
 That honored band soon mustered on the green,
 To wait the morn the furies of the scene.
 Pitcairn now comes rushing on the plain,
 With all his force to conquest or to shame,
 The British wrath comes thundering from the shore,
 Through sprouting vales vibrates their baleful roar.
 Our minute men stood on the starlit lawn,
 To guard their rights and watch the centering throng.
 The British chief spoke loud: "Disperse ye far,
 Or lay your arms as captives of the war."
 They shot, but o'er our heads their volleys rung,
 To distance far the infant echo sung.
 We standing mute, nor on their vanguards fire;
 No passion felt, nor would from post retire.
 Here sixty men for battle stood in line,
 With blazing armor o'er their shoulders shine,
 Against the wrath of that gigantic king,
 Whose mighty voice around the world did ring,
 Whose thunders had just ceased from foreign shores,
 Four nations just been trembling with her roars,
 Her giant arm encoils the earth around,
 On every coast the Britons' might resound.
 Now with her power on freedom's infant shore,

She comes again to strew our land in gore.
 Hurls forth her vengeance on those sixty boys,
 Who could not move if every life destroys.
 For they were armed for freedom, not for power :
 They fought for life, not for some foreign tower.
 Now Britain's wrath blazed on that single line,
 Down fell eight youths in manhood's blushing prime,
 Beside their doors these bravest lives resign.
 O'er history look, or down the list of wars,
 And find eight youths fell for a nobler cause ;
 Find there a band who braved the mightiest foe
 Then ruling earth, and sunk their valor low.
 These eight brave boys live round yon quiet throne,
 Whose peaceful realm hears not the battle groan.
 They see us from their crystal courts on high,
 As martyrs rest their souls to never die,
 Around the throne a thousand angels soar
 To guard the circle on that vernal shore.
 Peace to their souls, brave warriors, evermore.
 No goddess flew their sacred rights to plead,
 For all was known what made each blossom bleed.
 In sight of all their boyhood scenes they died ;
 The soil that reared them supped their sanguine tide.
 Brave Parker saw 'twas massacre, not war,
 Dispersed his men to some safe region far.
 The English troops shot forth their victories loud,
 Whose proud huzza rung to the foreign cloud.
 Marched on to Concord, just two leagues below,
 To realms dealt ruin, and to man dealt woe.
 The clash of arms, the bugle piercing shrill,

Rools through the dale and mounts o'er every hill.
 Soon orient skies with purple glories dawn,
 The stars could say, "America is born."
 As brighter rays flash o'er the vaulted sky,
 Each planet fades, its crystal beauties die.
 The soaring eagle screamed along the plain,
 Whose plumage bright o'er centering armies flame.
 The mountain boy for distant forests flies,
 Sings to the cloud and hails the ruddy skies.
 Revere and Dorr to Concord fled afar,
 To rouse the people of approaching war,
 Night's ebony wing o'er half the concave hung,
 Beneath whose robe the voice of battle rung,
 They hastened on to give the sad alarm,
 While in the rear was heard the clash of arms.
 Their speed had found brave Prescott on the way
 From early labors of the present day.
 Upon the road a British gaurd stood near,
 Made captives both of Dorr and Paul Revere.
 But Prescott leaped a granite wall that's nigh,
 And on to Concord rushed times honored spy.
 Brave Melvin from the Court House rang the bell,
 O'er that famed realm the doleful music fell.
 From hill to hill, from dale to dale it rung,
 Till every man had for the battle sprung.
 First on the street their honored Elder came,
 With gun in hand, preparing for the plain.
 From his loved breast the voice of freedom rose,
 Inflamed his soul and for the conflict goes.
 And every man upon the commons rushed.

Pale was no cheek, but with their valor blushed.
 The valiant hosts now centering on the plain
 Starts for the realm where anger soon must reign.
 For Lexington the assembled heroes fly,
 Beneath the dawn where purple shadows lie.
 They see afar the British ensign rear,
 Their bayonets blaze—the wrath of war draws near.
 The sun had now spread all her glories o'er
 The angry deep and lit the troubled shore.
 The morning's light on their bright bayonets gleam,
 Like ice-bound groves a silver radiance beam.
 The beating drum vibrates along the dale,
 Rolls its harsh voice upon the morning gales.
 The early dew glowed in the rising sun,
 Glowed as their toil for freedom just begun.
 In every breast a purer lustre there,
 A brighter gem than ever blushed in air.
 They back recede toward the village nigh,
 To wait the wrath and Albion's force defy.
 Two hundred men there standing on the field,
 Who would not to the mightiest nation yield,
 Whose angry voice roared in the vales below.
 Smoke, dust, and fire enclouds the coming foe ;
 The roll of drums re-echoes o'er the ground,
 And all the realm quakes with the baleful sound.
 Eight hundred men triumphant sweep along,
 The cloud of terror hovers o'er the throng
 We back decline upon a neighboring hill,
 Whose valley round did with the British fill—
 They firing mansions, plundering as they came.

Near all our stores lay safely from the plain.
 They cut the pole where freedom's emblem soared,
 O'er many a house the ruddy tempest roared.
 The ruin that fell from their wasteful hand,
 Was small in value for so rich a land.
 All Middlesex was moving on to war,
 From Acton, Lincoln, men came rushing far.
 From Clemsford, Bedford, Westford, Littleton,
 Comes forth the brave, the warlike, and the young.
 From Stow, from Sudbury, many a valiant man
 Seized forth his gun and for the battle ran.
 From Billerica, and from Carlisle near,
 The youth fled on ; the sires brought up the rear.
 The sons of men, and men whom Indians fought,
 Their fearless ear the foreign echo caught.
 And soldiers, too, who'd fought in the french wars,
 Come limping on, forgetful of their scars.
 Each path was full ; the paths with warriors thronged.
 With dauntless breasts our fathers marched along.
 Five hundred men now gathered on the plain,
 Their bayonets gleam 'neath morn's fair beauties flame.
 The golden sun now beaming o'er the sea,
 Proclaimed from high, "America is free!"
 Aurora knew it was the destined morn,
 That Freedom's Queen should put her mantle on.
 The chiefs consult upon the pending war
 Assembled stand, while Britain's thunder far.
 This little band upon the patriot shore
 Here sprung for freedom, or to be no more.
 From laboring fields rushed forth the valiant swain,

Had fled for battle on the neighboring plains.
 The gentle ox, the rosy fingered dame
 Released his bow—returned him o'er the plain.
 They knew not what the foreign States would say ;
 No wealth to hire a Hessian to the fray.
 They had for years their helpless cause to plead,
 Such unavailed now turns each breast to bleed.
 They knew not that their sister States would claim
 Them as a part, or help their rights maintain.
 They rushed to war unknowing of their fate,
 For foes were massive and their fame was great.
 A handful of brave men to battle rose
 Against the wrath of earth's long dreaded foes.
 The smoke now o'er their little mansions curled,
 Their humble wealth before their vengeance hurled.
 They now resolve to fire upon the band,
 Or fall in death upon their sunny land.
 Bold Davis now the sword for freedom drew,
 A blinding blaze forth from that weapon flew.
 His voice like thunder rolled along the line,
 Who spoke those words and called the name divine :
 "For God's sake fire." The roar of battle rung,
 And for the bridge the patriot army sprung.
 John Buttricks, too, gave out the word to fire,
 His word rolled on, forth came their volley dire.
 The patriot band then thundered on their foe,
 Whose iron tempest made their life-blood flow.
 A passing ball sped through bold Davis' breast ;
 Our warrior fell—his soul passed on to rest.
 Through his brave heart the burning terror fled,

On the green earth stretches forth the honored dead.
 Hasmer the true, for virtue widely known,
 A valiant youth, next in the battle groan.
 A furious bullet through his bosom tore,
 He breathed his last out on his native shore.
 The British foe now from the fields retreat,
 O'er verdant meads and through burning streets.
 The direful news had to each village fled,
 To Dedham, Salem, and to Marblehead.
 Swift o'er the hills the flying band appears,
 No orient wrath the coming warrior fears:
 No bugle blast, no drum was heard to roar,
 In clouds of dust the foe rushed on before.
 By Merriam's corner passed the wrathful band,
 Then turned and fired; their thunders shook the land.
 The minute men returned their charge so dire,
 And hills and groves were blazing with the fire.
 From rocks and trees their deadly volleys hum,
 And neighboring fields swarmed with our valiant sons.
 Here now both armies full of vengeance poured
 Their warlike wrath. The budding region roared;
 The belching cannon shook the verdant field,
 With floods of gore the trembling region sealed.
 The battle now at its dire zenith roars,
 Groan answered groan, and warriors fell in scores.
 That famous band from Lexington's broad green,
 Ne'er fled for home, but followed on the scene.
 Between two hills half sheltered round by wood,
 There the first band for freedom boldly stood.
 And on the British blazed their deadly fire

Nor from their posts would these brave boys retire.
 They there revenged for those they massacred
 At early morn upon their native mead.
 The forest dales re-echoed back their roar,
 Swift from their muskets deadly volleys pour
 Along the plain, and Britons fell in gore.
 The golden sun fell from her centre far,
 Whose beams was blinded by the wrath of war.
 The verdant fields were blazing with the flame,
 The wrath now soon retreated from the plain.
 Along the road the conquered orient fled ;
 Still on their back we threw the heavy lead.
 From grove bound hills, from ambush slyly came
 The works of death that sunk them to the plain.
 From every house blazed forth the patriots wrath.
 Bold Albions fell on their retreating path.
 Lord Percy now with his twelve hundred brave
 Comes forth to meet,—his slaughtering youth to save.
 But freedom's force keep thundering on his crew,
 And they before our glorious grandsires flew.
 Great Gage comes on this flying force to meet,
 He views the realm and quickens up retreat.
 For Charleston far the weary Britons flew,
 And we upon their direful tracks pursue.
 As when the hare before the baying hound
 Flies on with force to find some sheltered ground.
 The angry dogs loud crying as they run,
 Howls through the grove nor lulls till blood is won.
 So we behind those frightened warriors bore,
 Nor checked our course till glutted with their gore.

They just escaped, as they o'er pathways fled,
 Our throng from Salem and from Marblehead.
 Here seven hundred rallies to the plain,
 The lowering sun on their bright bayonets flame.
 Now this brave band flies on the Orient foe,
 Made the broad road a scene of blood and woe.
 Our Warren led the youthful band along,
 And poured his might upon the flying throng.
 The chiefs alighted from their saddles all,
 To shun the force and clouds of flying balls.
 In Charleston now again the battle rose,
 The British turn and thunder on their foes.
 As when some panther, 'neath the ebon shades,
 Far from his grove to distant fields had strayed
 In search of folds, or some inferior beast,
 That he could eat and have a noble feast,
 The shepherds from their sleepless couches rose,
 Turns the grim monster—for the forest goes.
 The leaping hounds on his swift track they bore,
 Through starlit dales a voice of wrath they pour.
 Soon in a cave the vengeful beast they found,
 His howls ring forth, the valleys far resound.
 Proud of his den, the monarch groans below,
 There stood the combat of his numerous foes.
 So Britons stood, their direful vengeance pour,
 While round their feet high rose the tide of gore.
 Man fell on man, and steeds rushed o'er the dead;
 Rank fell on rank till many a Briton bled.
 The patriot band on those scared warriors crowd—
 From that sad scene rolled off a fiery cloud.

The voice of Heath, our General bold and brave,
 Halted his men ; the battle ceased to rave.
 The sound of war now lulls its awful roar.
 The streets were sealed with pools of human gore.
 The sun had set—she'd hid her glorious eye,
 Though her bright beams yet linger on the sky.
 Through all the years that her bright glories hurled
 Forth from her throne above the western world,
 Her beams ne'er lit such horrid scenes before
 Since pale man first found freedom's golden shore.
 Her beams ne'er blazed on such heroic band
 As fought that day to lift a despot's hand.
 Now Britons from the bloody shore departs,
 For refuge flee toward their anchored barks.
 The weary warriors slumbered on the main.
 Who ne'er forget the terrors of the plain.
 The stars on high descended from their spheres,
 Each fell below to dawn the land of tears.
 The orbs of night forsook their sacred place,
 And came to earth rejoicing o'er our race.
 On each dead breast a shining planet lay,
 To charm the night and watch till coming day.
 The waning moon, triumphant o'er the main,
 Breaks forth her glow to beautify the plain.
 Each soul that fell for freedom's holy cause,
 O'er that still heart a silver star would pause.
 From southern skies where sacred Orion soars,
 He leaves his sphere through distant ether lowers
 The star built hero on the sanguine plain
 Comes down to hail the birth of freedoms reign.

A wounded Briton lying on the field,
 Forth sent a shot that rung upon his shield ;
 The sound so dire fled on to valleys far,
 But never dim'd the lustre of a star.
 The region round was blazing with his light,
 The heavens were dark but earth was free from night ;
 A silver radiance o'er the fields extend,
 Freedom rejoices and the concave rends ;
 The immortal Saturn next o'er flood appear,
 With numerous moons revolving round his sphere.
 Those crystal belts that round the planets lays
 Were all eclipsed as worlds around him blaze.
 On pinions strong the mighty saturn lowers,
 And moons around his awful presence soars,
 He halts in air, revolving as he stands,
 And views small earth and works of mortal hands.
 Old Orion on the purple field replies,
 As his bright form was blazing on the skies,
 Saturn as I revolve in yonder space
 Around thy sphere two shining belts are placed.
 Are they thy bound ordained through time to be
 And never from those crystal bands be free.
 Or is it lustre from thy moons that roll
 Around thy sphere that half thy light controls ;
 Next silver Saturn from his station grand,
 Replies it was the all creative hand
 Who formed me there and gave my crystal bands.
 When God first touched this little sphere below,
 His voice was law, and time began to flow ;
 He bade the darkness from that distant sun

Remove its veil and years for man begun.
 He spoke and mountains rose where He desired,
 The seas flow back on lower realms retired
 That sacred hand gave my bright girdles birth,
 Formed every star, we planets, and this earth.
 Those radiant zones that round my presence blaze
 Is part of me a circling silvery haze.
 In his great work when formed the realms divine,
 He set his planets and his stars to shine,
 My lot was foreign from the glorious sun,
 Around me far bade zones of lustre run
 To gild my sphere for o'er my realm was dim.
 Gave me bright moons, and two bright silvery rims,
 Their blazing light my massive realms supply,
 When proud Aurora hide her golden eye,
 My heat is from internal parts derived.
 In my low bosom God that fount contrived ;
 That latent flame warms through my portals low
 That greens my fields and makes the herbage grow.
 So every world and such this earth of woe,
 Meanwhile bright Venus from her heavenborn realm
 With beauty flaming all the scene o'erwhelm.
 Decending from the etherial skies on high,
 Rolls down to man and in obedience lie.
 Next Jupiter in flowing mantle came
 With his bright belts and his nocturnal train !
 Swift on their course revolves his azure moons,
 Ordained to move to gild his natural gloom.
 Fair Venus to the distant star replies,
 As her bright belts before his visage dies.

Jupiter as thou through yonder ether rolls,
 What bands are those that flame like molten gold,
 Is it the trailing splendor of some star,
 That leaves their lustre round thy presence far ;
 Thy beauteous world reflecting on their glow,
 Unseen by me leaves paths of light that flow.
 The zone bound star replies in tones of power,
 His breath a blast that bends earths slender bowers.
 Those silver bands that coil my azure throne,
 Is but to you the splendor of my zone.
 As I bifold Auroras glories roll,
 My realm is 'neath her calid hands control.
 Part of my sphere is cealed with winter's white,
 Another part with springing verdure bright.
 Deserts and seas on my far empire lay,
 A changing scene, perhaps for worlds away.
 This earth so fair, when I her glories view,
 I see her zones around her surface true ;
 Her seas, her plains, her deserts, and her groves,
 Dots o'er this world as she through ether moves.
 The sacred Pleiades had that glorious night.
 Long set from view the lower worlds to light.
 Aurora's blaze on orient fields appear,
 Cast her red beams along the trembling sphere.
 The silver hosts through flaming ether flies,
 Quick as a shot stood beaming in the skies.
 And crystal Saturn left the groaning field,
 Proud Orion, too, with his refulgent shield,
 Replaced their beauty on the ethereal plain,
 And all the moons fled with the azure train ;

And freedom's queen, refulgent fled in air,
 Two moons to rest, her golden robe prepare.
 Now day returned, her purple lustre filled
 The wiuding shores and verdant plains to gild.
 And waking warriors to the fields they swell
 To seize the slain that in the battle fell.
 The golden sun now lifts her glories o'er
 The purple plains, the fields of sanguine gore.
 And Britain's hosts now centre on the plain,
 While their war ships lay tilting on the main.
 Days passed along, two moons her courses run,
 Then on the fields the awful armies sprung,
 And on the plain our lasting glories won.
 When day's bright beams come floating o'er the sea
 Aurora knew that freedom's realm war free.
 The morning star sang from his azure throne,
 To hail the birth of this immortal zone.
 Down through the sky his glorious anthem roared,
 Along the plain a flood of music poured,
 As when he sang at earth's bright natal morn,
 A trembling sphere below his glories born.
 Again he sang earth's noblest race to hail,
 From crimson clouds his breath fills every gale—
 Rolls through the sky and vibrates in our dales.
 Soon freedom's queen stood on a quivering ray,
 That gently sprang forth from the fount of day.
 Her golden robe the patriot army saw,
 That flamed each breast, then fled to awful war.
 The waving ensigu o'er the coming foe
 Flaunts to the breeze ; their shining bayonets glow.

Soon on the field a hundred cannons roar,
 Their awful charge through many a bosom tore.
 The curling smoke eclipsed the crystal sky,
 The blast of war rolled to the concave high.
 The verdant fields shook with the sound so dire,
 Earth groans below and regions blazed with fire.
 The British shot through many a barrel flew,
 A leaden blast on sons of freedom blew.
 The bullets leaping from each breachpin roared,
 And smoking volleys from the breastworks poured.
 Cannons loud groaning on the sanguine field
 On foreign plains their angry voices pealed.
 O'er all the scene one awful cloud was cast;
 Smoke soared aloft, fire rose amid the blast.
 Brave men were seen from off their chargers fall,
 Fell numb in death—on fled the furious ball.
 And frightened steeds in roaring battle die,
 On fields of blood the bleeding coursers lie.
 The sight of war was awful to behold
 When at its height o'er that proud region rolled
 The plains around by dying warriors red,
 And fields were strewn with freedom's valiant dead.
 Still roars the contest on the gory plain,
 On rush the brave o'er fallen vanguards slain.
 'Twas blushing June when all the fields so gay
 Was wrapt in flowers, or in thick verdure lay.
 The rose was blooming on the destined plain,
 Soon crushed the gem, all its bright beauties slain.
 The groves around reared up their heads of green,
 And frightened winds roll o'er the plains between,

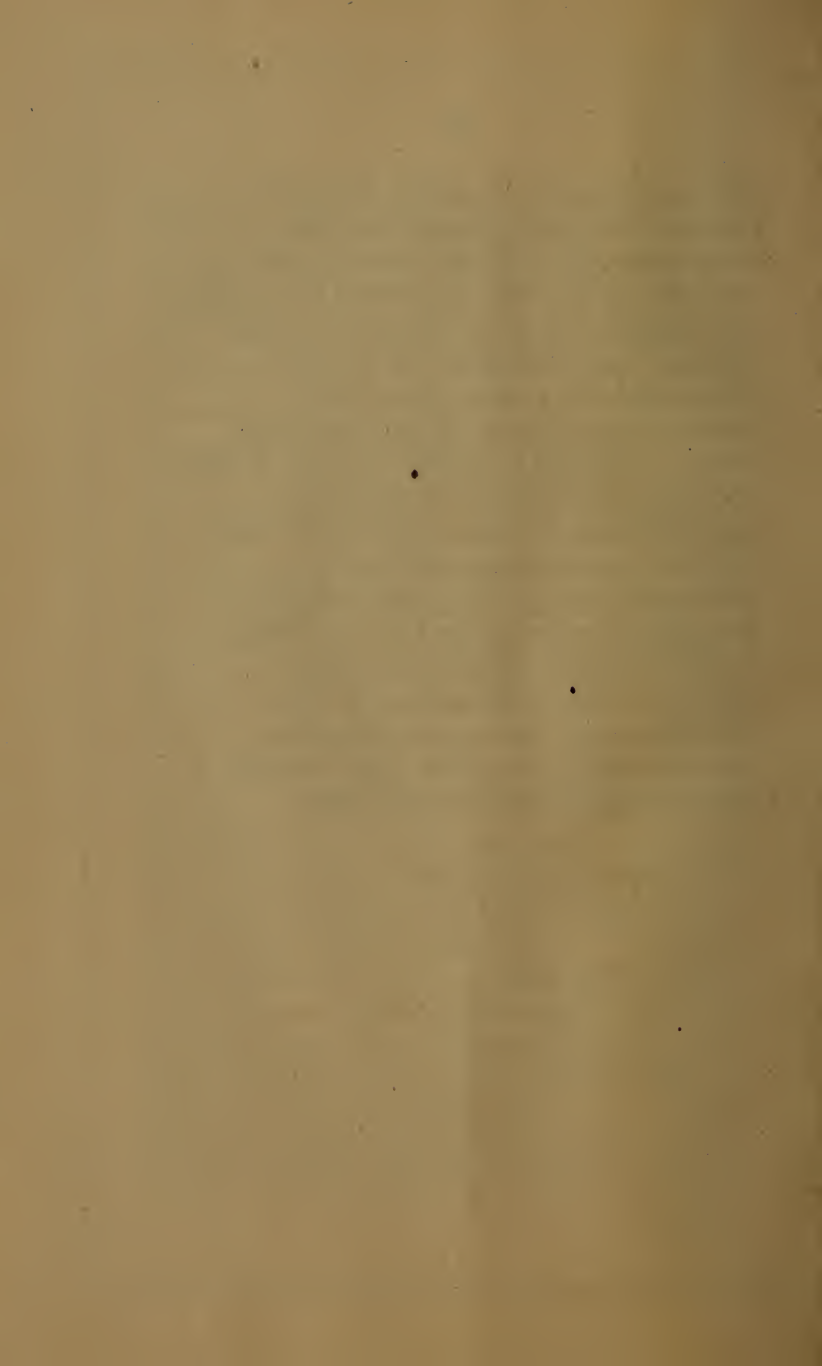
And sylvan lay hushed 'neath his twining bowers,
 Surveying groves and vales of brightest flowers.
 The roar of war increasing on the plain,
 Whose baleful groans rings o'er his verdant reign.
 The frightened god retreating from the grove
 To view the plain and see what anger strove
 His realm once fair was blazing red with fire,
 And war's rude engine dealing vengeance dire ;
 Saw the black smoke above the conflict soar,
 Beneath the cloud the wrathful cannons roar.
 Mar's ruddy shield was waving o'er the blast,
 Who destines war the ruling power to cast.
 Neptune so grand yet lingers on the main,
 And looks in wonder to the blazing plain :
 Sees mortals' wrath contending on the shore,
 Shakes his bold empire with successive roars.
 The wrath of war now dims the golden sky,
 And cannon flames in all directions fly.
 The beat of drum, the bugles solemn roar,
 Vibrates along the red and baleful shore.
 The heavens eclipsed from its refulgent light,
 No beams of day fell on the awful sight,
 For battles wrath was rising to its height.
 Amid the roar of that tumultuous scene,
 In van of fight where thick the bayonets gleam,
 Our Warren fell. His work of fame was o'er ;
 Death dims his eye, he sinks to rise no more.
 The purple tide from his loved bosom fled,
 Pale grows his brow, on sanguine fields was spread.
 His last command, while bleeding on the plain,

Was "Rush my boys, we'll drive them on the main.
 Ye sons of freedom falter not to-day,
 The morn will bring thee conquerors of the fray."
 Old Britain's wrath keep thundering on the field,
 In front of fight their bloody sabres wield.
 Great Gage the brave, immortal be his name,
 For wrath so daring to invade our plain,
 High in the front his floating banner waves,
 Beneath whose folds the earth with carnage laves.
 The tramp of steeds, the roar of battle dire,
 And realms around were blazing red with fire.
 Amid the scene, where danger filled the eye,
 Fair freedom wings triumphant through the sky,
 And broke the gloom with her eternal glow,
 Her heaven born light illumed the field below.
 Lit on the verge where loud the battle roars,
 Her costume blazing gilds the wrathful shores,
 As when the sun sends forth her saffron rays,
 All Eastern skies glow with her early blaze.
 Wide o'er the main a purple radiance shed,
 And waves still roaring 'neath her beams of red.
 So with the battle, wilder yet it grew,
 Nor noticed not the glory of her hue
 Until she rose again ; her flight to soar,
 Along the plain where loud the conflict roars,
 The heavens were darkened with the gloom of war.
 No rifts of hope sprang o'er the scenes afar.
 Soon her bright radiance gilds the bleeding plain,
 As rising suns ere deck the crested main,
 Fills our proud army with her love divine,

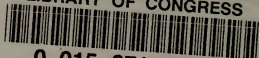
And on each head a wreath of victory twine.
 Revives the hosts with her immortal glow,
 Nerves up our might the Albions' yoke to throw.
 Thus turns the turmoil ; Britain's emblem falls
 Beneath the feet whom freedom casts her pall.
 The battle lulls its fury on the plain,
 Hoists their white ensigh for to bury slain.
 The glistening steel within all scabbards hide.
 Their volleys stop—so stops the sanguine tide.
 The eagle proud, our nation's emblem bold,
 Soared o'er the plain, his peals of victory rolled.
 They fell along the verdant dales afar,
 Proud conqueror sang in grandeur o'er the war.
 The monarch bird in his strong tallons held
 The banner bright, who once the laws rebelled.
 Victory on every wreath was seen to lie,
 "Victory or death" the mountain hero cries.
 His golden shrills vibrates along the shore,
 His cries of joy drowned out the lion's roar.
 The stars and stripes waved o'er the sanguine plain,
 That freedom rose for ever more to reign.
 Next was the tomb of Warren to prepare,
 A nation's trust, a country's solemn care.
 The hosts arrayed in shining steel adorn,
 Artilleries roar and armies rush along.
 The car before, draped with an ebon spread,
 The steeds so kind moves off the illustrious dead,
 The solemn train conveyed his last remains,
 And left them mouldering 'neath the honored plain.
 The earth then took its patriotic dust,

Within her arms a nations love we trust.
While on the field the bleeding hero lay,
His life fast ebbing from his breast away,
A marble hue o'er his loved brow was cast,
A few more groans and his proud life was past.
A cherub lit to seize the heaven born gem,
The soul to guard, the immortal part of man,
Just as the soul came issuing from the clay
The seraph took, returned upon her way,
All heaven stood gazing on the world of wrath,
To witness the loved seraph on her path.
On golden wings the sacred daughter soars,
Her love to launch, on heaven's eternal shores.
The empyreal skies their glowing splendor shone,
Supremely bright above the golden throne.
Far down below on her blest pinions lay,
The soul of Warren glowing as the day,
The stars below refulgent round her shine ;
The passage glows to light her way divine.
The rolling comet sends his fiery beam
Wide o'er the sky his dreaded glories stream.
The planets circling in their spheres below,
Upon her may diffuse a brighter glow.
Proud Orion lay to deck the shining field.
A crystal frame a silver mantled shield,
To gild her way with that immortal soul.
Safely her flight though worlds around her roll,
The angel rising with a nation dear ;
She at the portals of high heaven appear.
Another stands the golden bolt to throw,

Peace was pronounced in endless glory go !
The soul of him who lives in lasting fame,
For triumphs won on Bunkers bleeding plain.
Now night had stretched her shadows o'er the sky ;
And warriors breathless on the shores they lie.
The rising moon resplendent o'er the plain,
O'er that sad field a silver radiance stain.
The gory ground bathed with her crystal light,
Beams o'er the dead and cheers the gloom of night.
The stars around their broad etherial way,
Dim lustre sheds till clipped with brighter rays,
The fount of heat in glory stands below.
While earth above revolving meets her glow,
Her golden beams triumphant brings the day,
In equal turns both rolls the time away,
Soon o'er the fiels her crimson glories rise.
Her saffron beams blaze on the orient skies,
The fount of light now springs above the main,
Her rosy hues lays o'er the ruined plain.



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